

© 02891



JUNE

NO. 98

TV PARODY MEDI-KILL CENTER

HILARIOUS
SICK-STYLE
HUNT-A-WORD
PUZZLES
VICE-PRESIDENT
EXPOSED!
SEE CENTERSPREAD

COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH:

MASON REESE

"The Borgasmord Kid"

MOTHERS SHOULD
BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD —
BY ERMA BOMBECK

BONUS CUTOUTS

SIMON

NEW CONTEST



SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG



June 1974

Volume 14 Number 2

"Love is contagious . . . you get it from other people."

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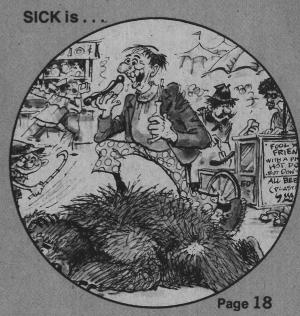
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SICK is published bi-monthly by Pyramid Communications, Inc. Editorial and executive offices, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Single copy 40 cents, subscription rate in the Unites States and possessions \$2.40 for 6 issues. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyrighted © 1974 by Pyramid Communications, Inc., 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved throughout the world under the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Printed in the U.S.A.







Welcome once again, all you SICK lovers—and other minority groups . . .



WE GET LETTERS

Dear Editor:

As Publishing Editor of the Peoples Journal earning a high school credit for doing research on publishing, I write this request. I need any helpful hints or information on how to publish a comic book from beginning to end. Please feel free to recommend any sources, nevermind the cost. Any freebees or SICK propoganda would be most welcome...

Tim Oldenburg
Presque Isle, Maine
ED: If we had to sum up in
one sentence the ideal way
to publish a humor magazine, we would suggest the
following: "You must try to
keep your sense of humor
while you lose your mind!"

SIGN ON BUTCHER SHOP

IF YOU THINK
THE BEEF
SHORTAGE IS
TOUGH . . .
YOU AIN'T SEEN
MUTTON YET!

After reading your recent article "Pay Toilets Are Unconstitutional" I see where we now have a toilet paper shortage. I think maybe your article had something to do with it!

Elliot Charles Fayetteville, N.C.

ED: Yes, we scraped the bottom with that one!

ATTENTION READERS:

THERE'S A FORD IN YOUR FUTURE!

• SEE CENTERFOLD

My brothers and sisters and parents and I all love Sick. I liked the part about the suntan nut who fell asleep on the beach!

Ricky Faile Hartsville, S.C.

ED: Yes, that was a hot one!

In your issue #96, the article by Art Buchwald, "Football Isn't All Kicks," sounded pretty one-sided to me!

> Edward Van Eckert Merlo Park, N.J.

In your June edition I read your "Sickie Of The Month." It was disgusting! This is a free country and I can be any religion I want. So don't knock it until you've tried it!

Jane S. Dineville, Mo.

ED: Keep the faith, baby, we're with you!

It's funny how I got your magazine. I was looking to see if they had a new MAD magazine and I saw your SICK magazine. I felt like wasting money so I got it. It is one of the funniest things I ever read. My favorite is DEAR CRABBIE. Keep publishing SICK!

Gail Sigmon, Kingston, Wash.

SIGN VS. BACKGROUND



(sent in by PHOEBE KASTON)

I like SICK very much and want to use the centerfold of Totic Fields. May I?

Mike George Buena Vista, Va.

ED: Fields free!

I am writing in regard to issue #93. I am a Ford man myself and very much dislike the inside back cover of that issue. Ford has a better idea and car. Unfortunately you don't have a better magazine.

Johnny Gardner Rocky Mount, N.C.

ED: Ralph Nader never recalled SICK.

I must take exception to a recent article you did, "Sick Looks At A Woman Driver." It shows what a bunch of male chauvinists you really are. People like you have set the women's movement back 10 years!

Lisa Wail Bayside, N.Y.

ED: And we always thought it was a compliment—taking 10 years off a woman!



Today was the first time I read your magazine. I thought it would be quite a bore like the rest. But to my surprise it was just great. I would like to subscribe to this magazine. Please send me the details. Keep up the good work!

Betty Shekoski Utica, Mich. My friends tell me I look like Alfred E. Newman. I would be glad to send you a picture of myself to show the great resemblance.

> Donald McKenzie Oshawa, Ontario

ED: Send us your picture— Huckleberry wants to stick pins in it!

Glad to hear of a publication that shakes my malady. Could you send me a sample copy?

Charles Collins Bakersfield, Calif.

ED: Sure, send us a sample 40 cents!

I saw your new numbers game, "Crazy Arithmetic," and I think it's hilarious! There should be a whole book of them!

Shelley Alhanati Whitestone, N.Y.

ED: There will be! Watch SICK for details.

"Twas The Night Before Reruns" (#97) was prime Wolfe! He is a comic genius, a true poet! Viva Wolfe! Viva Wolfe! Viva Wolfe!

Billy Rodriguez Hackensack, N.J.

ED: You sound like the boy who cried Wolfe!

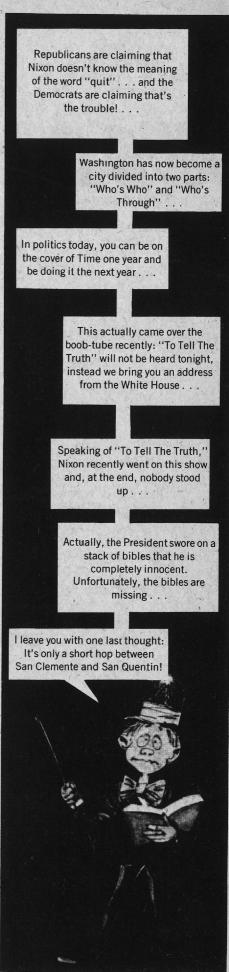
I got a big kick out of "Commercials We'd Like To See." You think the time will ever come when we'll actually see those commercials?

Drew Wanderman Los Angeles, Cal.

ED: Sure, we're reprinting them in a future Annual!

Your last issue was real neat. I loved that Rube Goldberg invention you had. My father told me he remembers Rube when he was my age. He still gets a kick out of him. We'd both like to see more of those inventions!

Mark Hendley Fargo, No. Dak.



TV REVIEW:

THIS IS A CITADEL OF MERCY WHERE, IF YOU'RE AT DEATH'S DOOR-YOUR DOCTOR WILL PULL YOU THROUGH! YES, MEDI-KILL-CENTER IS THE PLACE WHERE YOUNG DR. GASPAIN IS GUIDED IN THE NOBLE ART OF HEALING BY WISE OLD DR. SCHLOCKER, WHO CONSTANTLY SPOUTS THE "HIPPOCRATIC OATH".... AND A FEW MORE CHOICE OATHS...WHENEVER THE NURSE HANDS HIM THE SCALPEL THE WRONG WAY! THIS IS....

MEDI-KILL CENTER

SCRIPT BY DOCTOR FRED WOLFE

ART BY DOCTOR FRANK N. STEIN





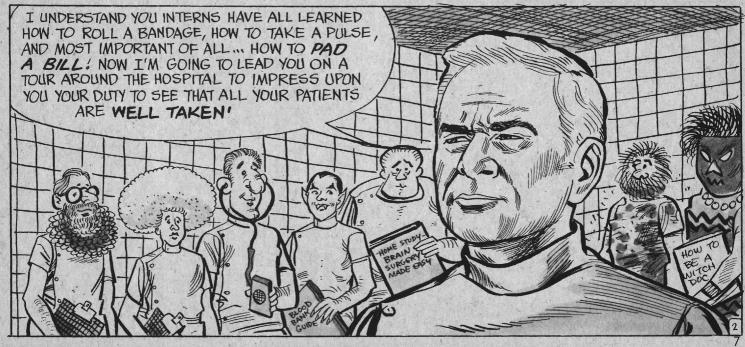








HELP A NUN KICK HER







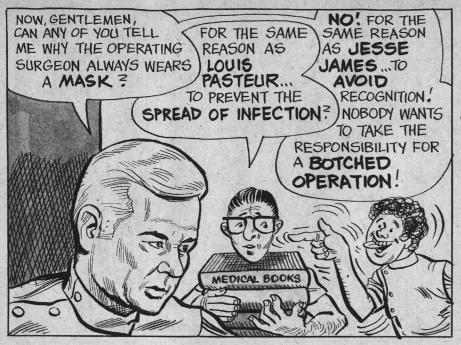




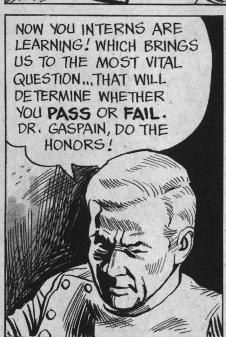
DR. QUACKSTER'S STEADY HAND HAS WORKED ANOTHER MEDICAL MIRACLE! HE'S MANAGED TO SPLIT A FEE INTO THREE EQUAL PARTS!

Minn my









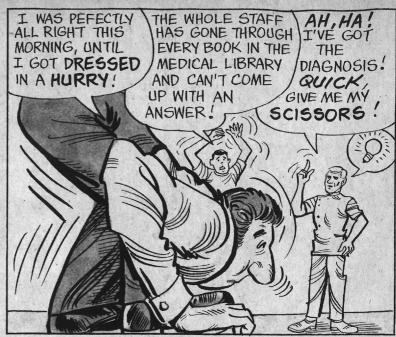


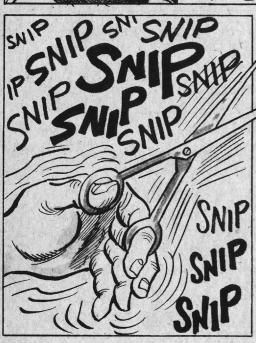


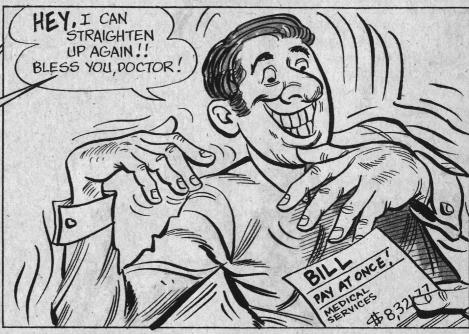


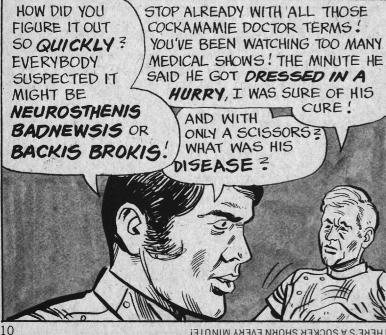
CLARK KENT IS A TRANVESTITE!













PERSONALIZED

LICENSE PLATES

as concocted by ERNEST WERNER

2-4-1.98

Bernard Gimbel

A1-A2-A3

Lawrence Welk

1/2

Mickey Rooney

0

0

RU1-2

0

0

Gay Liberation President

1/4 7382 59°

Albert Einstein

42-26-38

0

Raquel Welch

76

0

Rockefeller, Reagan, Etc.

39

0

0

0

Jack Benny

1-2-10

0

Watergate Buggers

2-KILL

0

0

James Bond



WORDS IN THESE PUZZLES ARE ALWAYS FOUND IN A STRAIGHT LINE ... EITHER FORWARD, BACKWARD, UP, DOWN OR DIAGONALLY, (ANSWERS ON PAGE 49)

IZZLES CONCEIVED BY EDEN NORAH

EXECUTED BY TONY TALLARICO

FREAKY FOODS

STUFFED RAT ANTELOPE PARMIAGIANA AARDVARK EGGS BLUBBER CUMQUAT PITS FILET OF COCKROACH SKUNK-UNDER GLASS BOILED BAT RAGOUT OF ANT GREASE BALLS SWEET AND SOUR BUFFALO CREME OF CASTOR OIL



ANAIGAIMRAPEPOLETNA AGSSSIPTAUQMUCIETLB RIRUTPRFGUQLATVVWEO DRGTUOUZORGDAXLTAMI VEGFFUUZUZENXYSVSUL ABBCFGHITUYATCECRUE RBCSEAHTOMLUSRSPTVD KUDTDCLBFJKTSEUMVLB ELLGRTXJANOTZCBXTSA GBIHAUOONPEYXTNAHGT GDBDTVQUTWCWTTULLYJ SKUNKUNDERGLASSESLF OLAFFUBRUOSDNATEEWS FILLETOFCOCKROACHTS DZLIOROTSACFOEMERCC

VISITING FUN CITY

MUGGED OVERCHARGED-SCALPED HUNG UP ROBBED PUT DOWN SPAT UPON ABUSED ASPHYXIATED DUPED SHOVED CHEATED ATTACKED PUSHED INSULTED SHOT MAULED KILLED BURNED POLLUTED KNIFED

PAWED

AMDEBRORULS TNWODTUP. SMUFRUOVESPATONASIS PHUGTRVDESUBANTDIDT HSOUGEDRERKILLEDYUE YXPTVESHSCCULFYZTFL XYXSOYDPVHUHHUNGUPL IIATHHDODEPLACSGEUI ANUEOOVFLAETGRAPTSU TUNLUUVABTGHIJGKKHL EPTABKCEDEWAPPOENEM DUPEDDEFDDCAQOOEDDN SNLDLTDEKCATTATVJQ KNIFEDVEKSLDELUAMBL INSULTEDSCODETULLOP DSTXTEDDENRUBIJKVS

HEAVENLY BODIES

RAQUEL WELCH II ALI MC GRAW IVIRNI LISI MIA FARROW II LINDA LOVELACE IJANE FONDA SOPHIA LOREN I JULIE CHRISTIE IJIM BROWN ANITA EKBERG



JRNEROLAIHPOSE
UGAEOLAUVNJJYC
LRVQISILINRIVA
IESVUJLANTRMIL
EBEJMEATDTDBVE
CKWAINLCVUPRMV
HEHNADIWOUVOUO
RATEFJMWEVRWAL
ITEFALCUCLTNBA
SIWORBGDTXCSCD.
TNUNRNRLUDTHJN
IALDOTATYMFULI
EULAWSWOVF.ENUL

PREPPIREHTK CAJ LUCRETIABORGIA LCOLNOLEXOTGRT URURACTNPJONTT HET I ABOORDGONI IIAPSUTXZJPKXL TPONWLNIGAFGLA LNREOOLNDTLNNX ETAXKLLTJKTIUK RXUTAUVFLUDKDV DRACULANMGTYSV STMJNJLTCAGNEW BENEDICTARNOLD

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

JACK THE RIPPER LUCRETIA BORGIA AL CAPONE & KING KONG & GODZILLA BENEDICT ARNOLD & HITLER & FAGIN DRACULA & NIXON & ATTILA & AGNEW









COQUALLABPOOTS
RHRHSIFOGOSNSP
IUUOQGFGUSSTTI
NJKGVUTSTTPUIN
GPBAAJYSTOPCCT
ONSNKLYGTFFEKH
LZTGTCUSOFLLBE
LUFTKLGGIPBAB
VSTICKKGCCNMLO
IVNGKGBTLELULT
OJTHSSABTNGRYT
PFLTOUSTOOPBCL
XZKTKJSALOOGIE

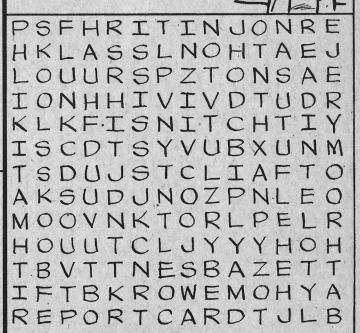
GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

SALOOGIE SPIN THE BOTTLE I GANG FIGHT STOOP BALL I CHUG-A-LUG II POST OFFICE RUMBLE II STICKBALL II GO FISH II POTSY



CLASSROOM CAPERS

SKOOL | KLASS | BOOKS HOMEWORK | FLUNK | DUNCE HISTORY | READIN | RITIN RITHMATIK | FAIL | REPORT CARD BATH ROOM | SPITBALL ABSENT | SNITCH



SICKS MYSTERY PHRASE GAMES

SOMEWHERE IN EACH OF THESE PUZZLES IS A MYSTERY PHRASE WHICH, WHEN JOINED PROPERLY BY PENCIL, WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER GRAPHICALLY. CLUES LIE IN THE PUZZLE HEADINGS. (ANSWERSON PAGE 49)

MADISON AVENUE HOLLY WOOD SICK OFFICE



DEAR CRABBIE: I'm a hill gal who lives back in the woods and I am keeping company with my first suitor. He makes me very nervous, 'cause every time he visits my cabin, he pants when he arrives and pants when he leaves. What do you think?

—NEWCOMER DEAR NEWCOMER: You've got a suitor with two pairs of pants!

DEAR CRABBIE: To bring romance back in our life, a marriage counselor recommended that my husband and I should avoid the usual routine and, for example, make wild, passionate love right in the middle of dinner. What do you suggest?

—SECOND HONEYMOONER DEAR SECOND HONEY-MOONER: Stay out of restaurants!

DEAR CRABBIE: I am trying to do my patriotic duty to help out in the current energy shortage. Therefore, when my boyfriend takes me out for a moonlight drive, how far should I let him go?

—GAS CONSCIOUS

DEAR GAS CONSCIOUS: Until he runs out of gas! DEAR CRABBIE: I am 28 years old. My mother tells me not to be so fussy about the guys I go with. She wants me to marry the first fellow who asks me. But I'm looking for a man who will kindle my desire, heat up my blood and set my heart afire. What's your opinion?

—ROMANTIC DEAR ROMANTIC: Are you looking for a husband or an arsonist?

DEAR CRABBIE: On my neighbor's wedding anniversary, her brother-in-law, a plastic surgeon, offered to give her a free nose job as a present. Another neighbor, a dentist, offered to cap all her teeth free. My husband, also a professional man, made me the same type of anniversary offer, but I refused.

—INDIGNANT DEAR INDIGNANT: So who told you to marry a mortician?

DEAR CRABBIE: My wife rarely does anything to please me. She burns my toast, tears my shirts, insults me in front of my friends, and whenever I feel romantic, she always has a "headache." However, her birthday is coming soon and she is hinting for me to buy

her clothes, maybe a dress or a coat. What do you suggest?

—ABUSED
DEAR ABUSED: If I were you
I'd give her a belt!

DEAR CRABBIE: What can the matter be? I'm willing to give my boyfriend my devotion, my heart, my undivided loyalty. Yet, he still seems unsatisfied.

—PUZZLED
DEAR PUZZLED: No wonder
—you're keeping all the good
parts for yourself!

DEAR CRABBIE: My psychiatrist says I have a personality that is split six different ways. What shall I do?

—WIT'S END DEAR WIT'S END: Ask him for a group rate.

DEAR CRABBIE: We are a group of young people who would like to take steps to modernize religion. As you well know, adolescents are always in a hurry. Have you any suggestions?

—THE FAITH-FULLS
DEAR FAITH-FULLS: Yes. Set
up "Express" Confessionals
—for people who have eight
sins or less.

SICK SOLVES

Recently, SICK beat the meat shortage by laughing at it. And what do you know—it went away! Today there's no serious shortage of meat (only of money to pay the meat bill). So we decided to do the same thing to today's gas shortage. Laugh it away!

One fellow reported getting a can of gasoline for his new Cadillac ... and said it was the best trade he ever made!

The fuel shortage is really getting bad. A bank robber recently made his getaway on roller skates!

Nowadays when somebody yells, "Get a horse!" you can't tell whether they're conserving gas or ordering dinner!

Abraham Lincoln foresaw it all when he said: "You can fuel some of the people all of the time..."

One service station attendant has hung mistletoe over the gas pump—so the motorists can kiss it goodby!

How will we explain to our grandchildren
How will we explain to our grandchildren
How will we explain to our grandchildren
that in the seventies we used six gallons
that in the seventies we used six gallons
that in the seventies we used six gallons
of gas driving around to find a filling
of gas driving around to gallons?
station to get five gallons?

They're coming out with a new car that runs on electricity. But you can't go too far unless you have a very long extension cord!

Nowadays when a fellow, out with a girl in his car, says he's out of gas he's not kidding!

A junkie motorist began celebrating when he heard they reduced the maximum on speed! One Caddy gat as

speed! One Caddy get 27 miles to a gallon! Not a

There's so little weekend traffic on the highways now that hitchikers are willing to go either way!

Where are people going for gas?
Hungarian restaurants report a landslide business!



THE GASOLINE SHORTAGE WITH LAUGHING GAS

The situation has gotten so desperate Irony: How come the Arabs have all the that a group of motorists raided the gas gas and we have all the heartburn? chamber at San Quentin! Until the heat cools off, a lot of people are

In Rome there's such a shortage of gas Israeli Airlines is the only one not forming car pools! that the drivers have to push their cars Israell Airlines is the only one not affected by the the chick of the state of the over pedestrians! affected by the tuer shortage. The

It was Don Rickles who said: "This year my cup runneth over. And next year, I hope it'll be my gas tank!"

Somebody recommended a great new Somebody recommended a great of oil—drain the grease off

Some people who drive compact cars because of the gas shortage try to maintain their status by showing pictures of Cadillacs they have at home! Nowadays thieves are stealing gas tanks and leaving the cars

CHEID

NO

PARKING

AND ON THE HOME FRONT

• In an effort to conserve home fuel, yesterday's slumlord is today's patriot!

• People are now sending out cards saying: "100 Kilowatts of Power have been turned off in your name!"

• The mercury fell so low in one home recently that it pinned a mouse to the floor!

• The government plans to have nationwide "brownouts" shortly. Their slogan is: "The Public Be Dimmed!"

• So terrible is the fuel shortage that there hasn't been a · housewarming all year!

• Remember when people made fun of Lyndon Johnson going around the White House turning off lights?

• One guy reports no problem with home heat—his brotherin-law opens his mouth and a lot of hot air comes out!

• New energy command: "Dimmit, Dammit!"

ARRISBURG LITE

A recent news story indicates that animals in the zoos are leading "a dog's life." It seems that rising costs are killing zoo-keepers from Maine to California. Stop and think a minute—how much Alpo do you think a lion consumes at one good dinner? And so, in an effort to put zoos back in the black (financial black is beautiful, too), SICK has come up with several suggestions . . .

HOW TO PUT

REAL-LIVE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS —with live horses, zebras and a llama or two, can be placed in each zoo. By charging admission for this live carousel, zoos can clean up a fortune and exercise their animals as well!



BELL TELEPHONE IS A DINGALING OUTFIT!



JOBS FOR ANIMALS—it's time they stopped working for peanuts and got money instead. Like gorillas working on high construction jobs. Rhinos and elephants as bulldozers. Zebras as wallpaper, if stood atop one another!

SPECIAL PRODUCTS

SALES—feathers dropped by shedding peacocks can be sold for women's hats, sheeps' wool for clothing and real bears for bearskin rugs. A new bear appears each month to take the place of the old rug!



ZOOS IN ZOO'S WHO

AS BIG FINANCIAL TIGERS

> Script by: HOPE LEE Art by: DON OREHEK

THEORE 125

HERTZ RENT-A-PET—great for parties, protection, companionship, etc. And you can have any pet you want. If you think a German shepherd makes a good watchdog, watch Felix the Panther in action!

ANIMAL VARIETY SHOWS

—charging admission like the circus, and with acts like seals balancing balls, bears dancing, and monkeys riding motorcycles. Also, an obstacle course in which patrons try to get through a maze filled with wild animals!



JOHN CAMERON SWAYZEE WEARS A MICKEY MOUSE WATCH!



ANIMAL HALL OF FAME—with Madame Tassaud-type

with Madame Tassaud-type wax reproductions of famous animals from real life and fiction. And if zoo visitors won't pay the admission, a couple of snarling tigers are on hand to apply subliminal pressure!



shooting gallery—where live animals run through a target area and people can shoot at them. Trick is that the bullets won't be real, and the animals are trained to fall down on command when hit by dummy bullet!

ASSORTED ANIMAL RIDES

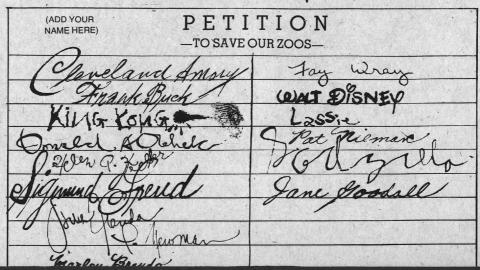
—horseback riders will look down their noses at horses once they've had the chance to ride an ostrich or an elephant down the local bridal path. And for those who want a big laugh, there's always a yak!





BLUE ROOM—where people pay an admission price to see the animals mate. This will be a real live course in sex education for youngsters, and for those with more bizarre tastes, a chance to watch two porcupines in heat!

SO GET THAT MONKEY OFF YOUR BACK—MAKE ZOOS SELF-SUSTAINING!—If you're tired of having those animals put the bite on you, sign this petition to implement SICK'S ZOO'S WHO PLAN:



You Know You're by FRED WOLFE Unloved When...

... you open a fortune cookie
—and find a threatening letter.

... you call "Dial-A-Prayer"
—and they put you on "hold."

. . . obscene phone callers hang up on you.

... Colonel Sanders refuses to lick your fingers—but bites your thumb.

· · · your prom corsage is a cactus.

... you find your parents erasing their names on your birth certificate.

... your fiancee promises you a beautiful stone—marked : "Rest In Peace."

and get stood up. "Dating Game"_

your mother wraps your lunches in road maps.

... your artist friend wants to do you in oil—boiling oil!

... you're forced to sue your "Supphose" for non-support.

a ten-foot-pole add another five feet.

that medicine has advanced—but not that far.



THE WORLD'S WISEST MAN

FIRST IN A SERIES OF HUMAN INTEREST FEATURES

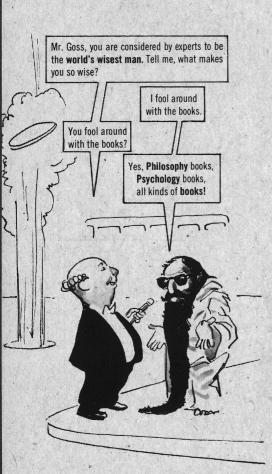
hy Aron Mayer, PhD1/s (*Phony Doctor)

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. This is Virgil I. Peterson, your roving SICK reporter, here to conduct the first in our series of in-depth interviews with the world's most unusual and interesting people. We have with us today, a most remarkable and fascinating personality. Now, you may have read recently that a search was conducted to find the world's wisest man. Well, deep in the heart of the Himalaya Mountains this man was found. He is here with us today—the world's wisest man—Mr. Mishu Gass of Llama, Tibet. Fortunately, Mr. Gass speaks English fluently so that he will be able to communicate his wisdom to us. Would you kindly come in now—Mr. Mishu Gass—the World's Wisest Man...

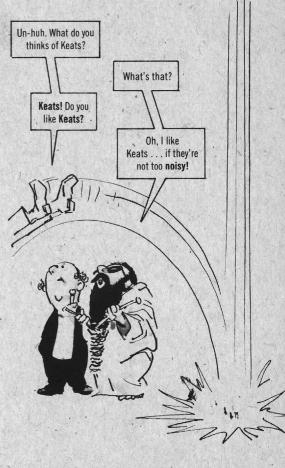
Hello, dere!

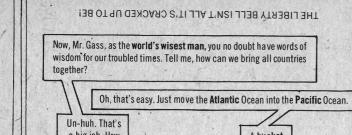














That makes sense. Mr. Gass, a big question facing America today is whether to trust the Communists. Do you feel, for example, that we should sign a treaty with Red China?

Why bother? An hour



Tell me, Mr. Gass, in your opinion who is the greatest

man America has ever produced? George Washington! He was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen . Yes, that's right . . Yet he married a widow! I never thought of that! You should read your history, sonny!

I see. But do you really feel it would bring peace to the world?

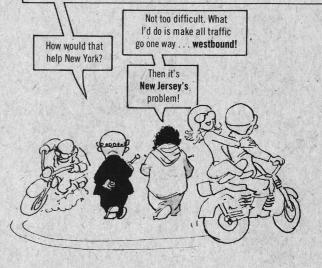
Oh, you want peace? That's easy! Just have soldiers from both sides fight a war with no clothes on. The war will stop immediately!

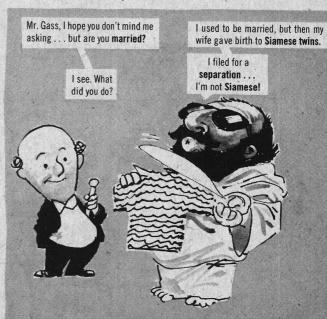
How will nude soldiers stop the practice of war?

Nobody can tell who the enemy is!



Sounds reasonable. Besides the great international problems, Mr. Gass, there are many everyday problems we face right in our big cities. For example, New York has a very serious traffic problem. How would you handle that?







KNOCK-KNOCK



CONTEST

Yes, gang! In an effort to bring back the old "Knock-Knock" jokes that really knocked out our fathers way back when they were kids, SICK has come up with a "new, wild, wacky, way-out Knock-Knock Contest!" Here's a few hard-knock examples:

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Althea!
Althea who?
Althea in my dreams!

Knock, knock! Who's there? Oswald! Oswald who? Oswald my gum!

Knock, knock! Who's there? José! José who? José can you see?

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Dwayne!
Dwayne who?
Dwayne in Spain falls
mainly on the plain!

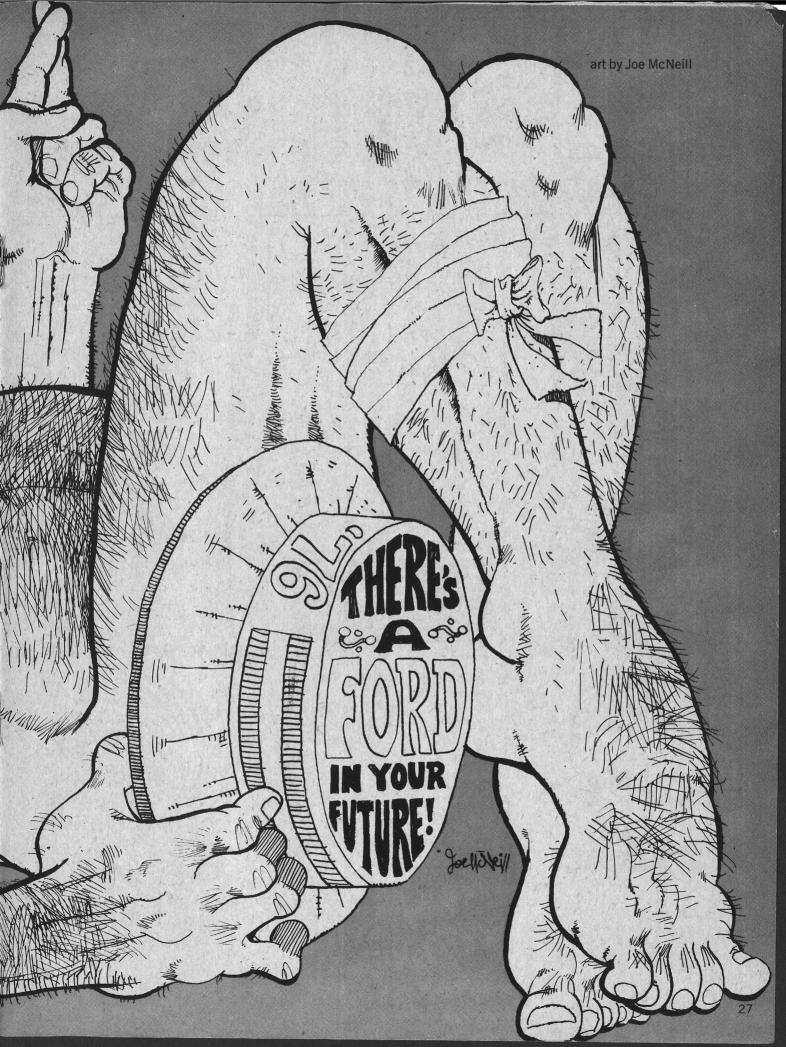


Get the idea? Then send in your Knock-Knock today! Who knows? Yours may be among the ten best entries that will receive a free copy of a fabulous new humor book!



Contest closes April 24, 1974. All entries become SICK's property and none can be returned. Decision of the judges is final. Send your Knock-Knock to: SICK Knock-Knock Contest, Hewfred Publications, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplicate submissions, the first entry received will be eligible for a prize!

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS OF SICK'S KITE-NAMING CONTEST—TO BE ANNOUNCED IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



WATER GATE
AND OIL CRISIS
DON'T MIX!

Sirk Sirk

DON'T METH AROUND

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

If you ask me, what we've got to do is get crime out of the White House and back into the streets!



New York City: All sorts of weirdos are running around loose in Fun City nowadays. A man walked into a Massage Parlor here and actually asked for a massage!

Pratt Falls: A local candidate for the office of mayor was characterized as a man of strong convictions. (He should worry. A good lawyer can always get him off!)

Chicago: Many friends and supporters of Billie Jean King are still antagonistic towards Bobbie Riggs for thinking he could have beaten the female tennis champion. (What are they complaining about? After all, Billie Jean went from Riggs to riches.)

Dallas: News from the prune juice set. A 73-year-old grandmother, with a record of 24 previous arrests, was held in \$25,000 bail following her arrest on the charge of possession of dangerous drugs. (We hear they're making a movie of her life: "The Geritol Connection!")

GIVE NIXON
ANOTHER CRISIS!

Brazil: In a remote village, an oversized baby reported to have been born to a native woman, has already grown to 93 pounds at the age of three. (When this kid burps, it measures 6 on the Richter Scale.)

Detroit: Oil executives contemplate using lower grade automotive fuels. (Instead of having a tiger in our tank, we may all end up with a pussycat in our Plymouth!)

Nation's Capital: According to reliable informants, the government has been printing 13-cent air mail stamps and stocking up on 10-cent stamps in preparation for a rate boost that the postal service wants to put into effect.

(No question about it—they've got the situation licked!)

Buenos Aires: The government announced that China and Argentina have signed a medical cooperation pact that will bring Chinese surgeons and nurses to Argentina. (Careful, guys. One hour later those Chinese doctors may feel like operating again.)

London: It is reported that Twiggy just recovered from a heavy chest cold. (The question is: "Where did she get the heavy chest?")

Lake Erie: The dumping of chemical wastes in off-shore waters has filled many fish with an unusual amount of mercury. (Soon we'll be using a flounder for a thermometer!)

ATTENTION
SICK READERS:
STARE AT THIS FOR 10 MINUTES



IT'LL REALLY BLOW YOUR MIND (as well as your eyesight!)





THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

NEWS OF THE MONTH-

—by FRED WOLFE

FLASH!

The Ford Motor Company has just announced that it is recalling Mercurys. They found too high an incidence of tuna in them!

Sign in a train terminal: "Watch out for locomotive in yard with tender behind."

The Pentagon: Army authorities are experimenting with ultra-sophisticated electronic methods that locate opposing forces in the dark. (Forget all that electronic jazz—just get the enemy to eat garlic!)

Philadelphia: Statistics bear out the fact that most accidents usually occur in the home. (How true. Thousands of American housewives are getting hernias nowadays trying to stretch a dollar!)

Fort Lauderdale: More than 600 passengers were stranded aboard a cruise ship that went aground on a sandbank. Free drinks were distributed while tugs waited for high tide to free the ship. (It was a tossup which would get high first—the tide or the passengers).

Talahassee: With the critical shortage of food expected within the next ten years, chemists are working on the development of artificial food. (Please, Colonel Sanders—not fried plastic!)

Menlo Park: Flower power may be able to fill the energy gap left by the nation's fuel resources, scientists say. (We're saved! Just go down to Greenwich Village and round up a batch of pansies!) Hollywood: Bob Hope's been asked once again to entertain America's fighting men. The government wants him to put on shows for drivers lined up at gas stations.

Wales: Reports from this section reveal that pop singer Tom Jones recently underwent surgery. They had his pants removed.

Baltimore: A new government investigation has just absolved Spiro Agnew of all innocence. Mr. Agnew, however, is reportedly delighted, because he can now eat his grapefruit at the breakfast table and not find it ticking.

JFK Airport: With hijacking still in the news, the airlines have tightened security. The guards at the TWA terminal here reportedly frisked Raquel Welch for two hours recently—and she was just seeing somebody off!

A SICK EXCLUSIVE:

NAPOLEON THOUGHT HE WAS NAPOLEON!





MOTHERS SHOULD

I t is upsetting to many parents that their teenagers introduce them to their friends as encyclopedia salesman who are just passing through . . . if they introduce them at all.

I have some acquaintances who hover in dark parking lots, enter church separately and crouch in furnace rooms so their teen-agers will not be accused of having parents.

The first time I realized my children were ashamed of me was at a PTA Open House. One of the teachers asked my son, "Is your mother here?" Instinctively, he jammed me into a locker, threw his body in front of it and said, "No, she couldn't come this evening. She's playing pillowcase bingo at the church."

I was indignant, "Why did you say that? Have I ever laughed with cottage cheese in my mouth? Have I ever done my Gale Storm impersonations in front of anyone but family? Have I ever worn my loafers and Girl Scout socks to anywhere but the A&P and back?"



BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD

ERMA BOMBECK
BIL KEANE

He didn't answer. He just smiled and pretended he was giving me directions to the gym.

If it will make parents feel better, girls in their teens often go through their "Our Gal Sunday" syndrome. It is far more romantic to imagine they were found on the doorstep of two old coal miners and will eventually find happiness with a virile English rock singer than to say, "I was born of Wanda and Louie Fish in a hospital in the suburbs of Cleveland."

Boys of this age go through their Sabu syndrome. They do not want to face up to the fact they were conceived by any other way than without original sin, so they prefer to believe they emerged from a seed in the jungle, fed by werewolves and later adopted by Jon Hall. (Or whoever was Tarzan that year.)

As a parent, I am going through a syndrome myself. It's called Joan of Arc, which means I am sick and tired of being treated like a dog with mouse breath.

I'm sick of scrubbing and washing, running and fetching, scrimping and sewing, hauling and cooking only to have them say four words to me all year: Wait in the car.

Last summer, I drove my daughter and son to the swimming pool. As my daughter and I prepared to emerge from the bathhouse, my daughter stopped.

- "Where are you going?"
- "Whatya mean where am I going? I am in a bathing suit. Am I dressed for a flu shot?"
 - "You go first," she commanded.
 - "Why, aren't they friendly?"
- "Mom, no one goes to a swimming pool and sits with their mother."
 - "It's the bathing suit, isn't it?" I asked. "I



should have shortened the sleeves."

- "It's not the suit," she sighed.
- "The varicose veins then. You're ashamed of my legs."
 - "The bathrobe covers them," she answered.
 - "What then?"
- "It's just that the first thing you always do when you get inside is go in the water."
- "I'd feel ridiculous swimming without it," I snapped. "What are you supposed to do at a swimming pool?"
- "Other people's mothers don't go in the water."
 - "I suppose you're referring to Beverly's (continued on next page)

MOTHERS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD





mother. I personally know she wears a girdle under her bathing suit and has enough foam rubber in her bra to keep eighteen seamen afloat in a tidal wave."

"She's got a neat tan," said my daughter.

"She's the type who tans when she hangs up Christmas tree lights," I snarled. "Besides, I don't trust a woman who sits around the pool reading the American Journal on Tooth Decay."

"Look," she said flatly, "I'm going to sit with some of my friends."

"Wonderful," I said. "When I am ready to go I'll flash my compact mirror into the sun and spit three times into the wading pool."

As I smoothed out my towel, I saw my son stroll by.

"Hi, Junie," I said cheerfully.

"Mom!" he said between clenched teeth. "The guys will see you. And don't call me Junie."

"It's your name, isn't it?"

"Other guys' mothers just say, 'Hey, you."

"I'll watch it."

"Boy, I bet they'll think I'm some creep talking to my mother."

"Why don't you tell them I'm a far-sighted movie fan and thought you were Paul Newman."

He made his exit.

It must have been several hours before I felt a shadow over my towel. It was my two teen-agers.

"Hey, Mom, we want to get something cold to drink. Where's the money?"

I brought myself up to one elbow, pulled my dark glasses down to the bridge of my nose and scrutinized them coolly, without recognition. "Whatsa matter, kids, lose your mother?" I said crisply and returned to my sun bathing.

That's one for St. Joan.

The End.



\$ 50.00 OR TWO WEEKS IN JAIL? I'LL TAKE THE

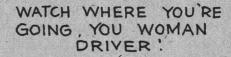


DON'T LOOK NOW BUT SOMETHING 18 FOLLOWING US.



MORE

POST OFFICE













MASON REESE

"The Borgasmord Kid"

N o doubt about it, the biggest little star in America today is MASON REESE, a seven-year-old huckster-comedian-philosopher whose meteoric rise in show business is still causing audience double-takes (they can't believe that face is for real!).

Wherever you turn on TV nowadays you'll see that unbelievable face, from spot commercials to spots on all the big-name talk shows (which isn't bad for a kid who can't pronounce shmorgasbord!). Standing 3-feet-8 in his pajama feet, Mason looks like a baby picture of Arthur Godfrey that the latter would like to forget. (Rumor has it that in Mason's own family album they keep only negatives!). Yet this pudgy pint-sized prankster has already won a Clio, the award for the best performance by a male in a commercial—and has recently signed with NBC-TV in New York to cover children's news (although there is no truth to the report that he plans to run for President in '76!).

Now the official spokesman for Ivory Snow, Mason's introduction of the word "borgasmord" on the Underwood Meat Spreads commercial has made it a household word. (Not Underwood—it!).

A native New Yorker attending third grade at a St. Michael's Montessori class, Mason Reese's favorite subject is math (which is what he needs to tally up all the money he's making). Small wonder then that Mason Reese has been selected SICK's Comedian of the Month. Mainly because he is a small wonder. . . .

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT MASON:

•"Believe me, I wish I could walk over and pinch his cheeks!"

—Venus DeMilo
Athens, Greece

•"I still say children should be seen and not hurt!"

—Lizze Borden's Mother

Bangor, Maine face that launched a thousand

•"Is this the face that launched a thousand quips?"

—Helen of Troy (Troy, N.Y.

•"I got ties older than he is!"

—George Jessel Hollywood, Cal.

—Marcel Marceau Paris, France

•"He's an imposter, I'm the original!"

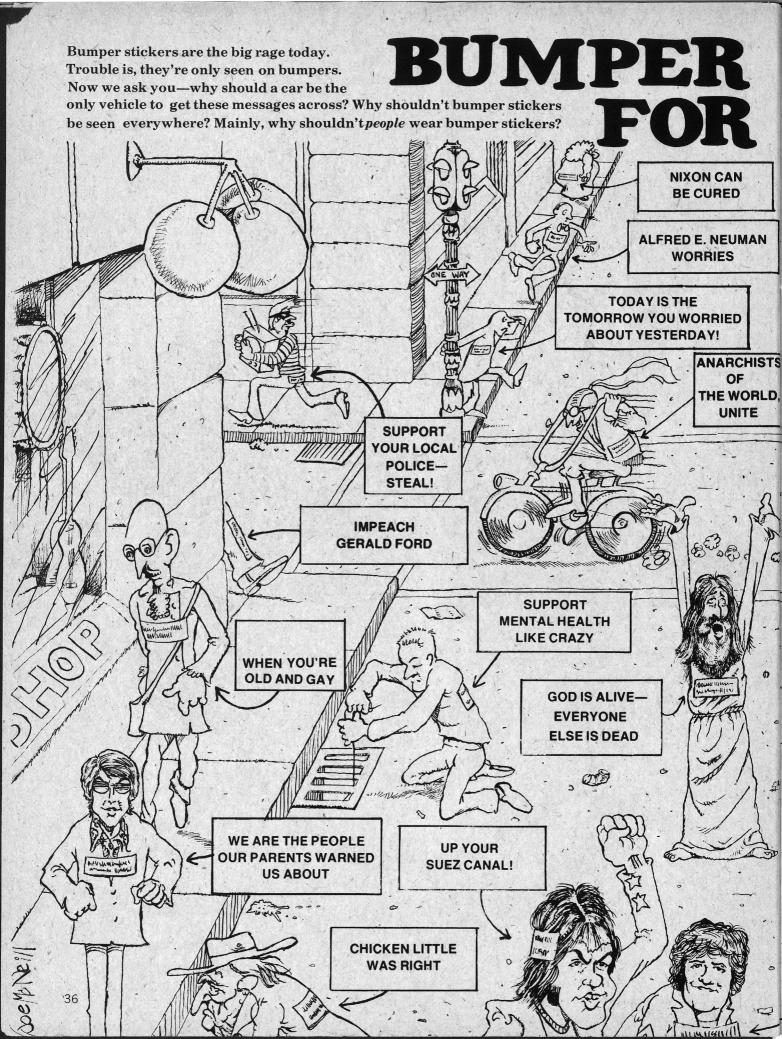
—Peewee Resse Brooklyn Dodgers

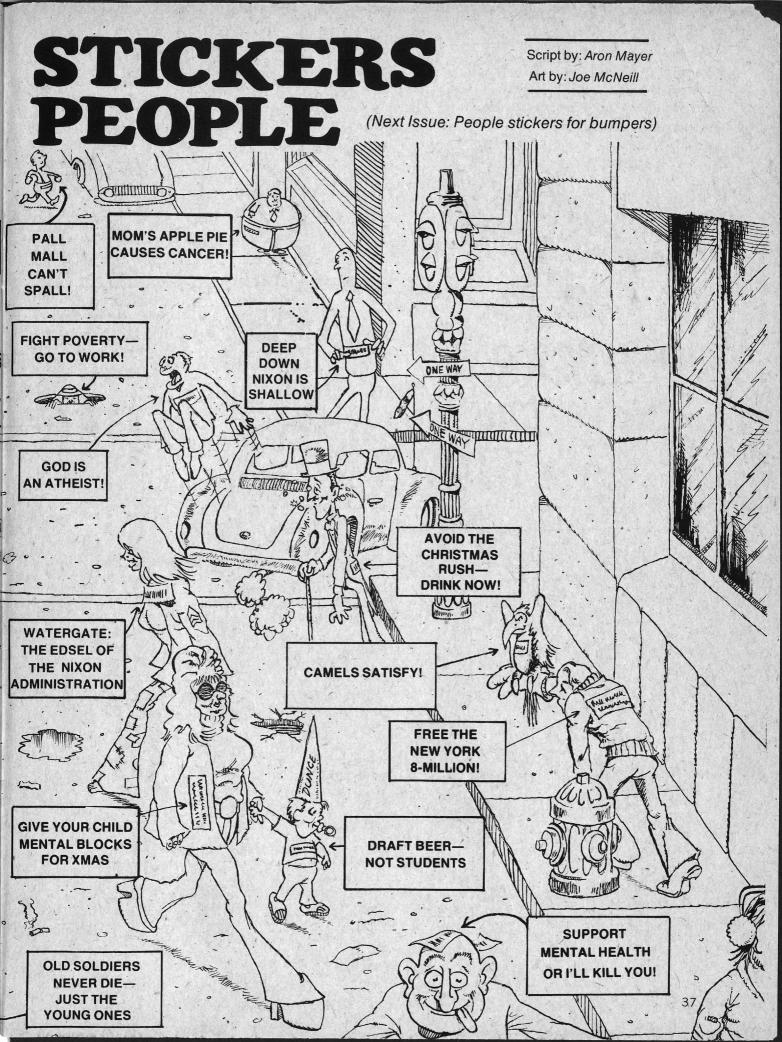
• "What, me worry? You bet I will, from now on!"

—Alfred E. Neuman New York City

MASON REESE IS A 37-YEAR-OLD MIDGET!







Okay, who's the wise guy who put the piranha in the swimming pool?



SHTICKS and STONES

Listen, Kemo Sabay - very sorry about this but me no fool. With 10,000 war-painted Indians surrounding us - Tonto taking no chances.





HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY!

created by MARYLYN IPPOLITO

Uh, look, I'm very sorry but
I can't go on that blind date
with you. As soon as you walked
in, I developed this terrible
headache.







WANT TO SWAP: Set of skiis used one time for good pair of crutches. BOX 13J

KOOKY

PRINTING POBLEM? Office forms printed with acutacy and speed error in printing office forms. The printed must There's no margin for get it right the FIRST time shridu, BOX 861

KLASSIFIEDS

NOTICE: I have a rooster that crows at 4'o'clock; want to trade him for one that crows at 5 o'clock. BOX 51S

PIANO MOVING: If you have a piano to move, take advantage of our expert service and careful handling. Also, kindling wood for sale. BOX 88Y

> Gentleman, 79, old-age pensioner, would like to meet lady of suitable age, object matrimony; have some means—can finance honeymoon and funeral expenses. BOX 39W

TRANSLATION EDITOR. Author, available for translations Latvian into Icelandic, Icelandic into Latvian. Also available to moonlight on espionage jobs. BOX 82F

WANT TO SWAP. White wedding gown, size 14, never used, for .38 revolver; BOX

> HELP WANTED: Insurance-investigators to appraise the damage in the Watts area of Los Angeles; steady work; permament career job; inquire Watts Chamber of Commerce or write BOX 49L

Are you prepared if the President drops in on you for a surprise visit? Every home should have a recording of "Hail To The Chief, at hand. Send for 3.99 Lp today. **BOX 73H**

FOR SALE: Just in time for Christmas, a set of holiday records for the children. Some records are slightly broken . . . slightly broken . . . slightly broken . . . BOX 76D

FOR SALE: 24-foot boat, with two bailing pumps and large tin can; may be seen by appointment; bring diving mask. BOX 26E

> LOST: Tan leather wallet containing pictures, identification, personal papers and \$200 in cash. Finder may keep the pictures, identification, personal papers and wallet, but I have a sentimental attachment to the money. Box 46C

AVAILABLE: Catalogue of carefully selected dervishes for instant whirling. BOX

> I am no longer responsible for my wife Zelda's debts seeing as how she has left my bed, bored. BOX 43Q

Readers are invited to send advertisements to Kooky Klassifieds, Sick Magazine, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. No charge for readers. Illiterate SICK fans may send in pictures.

74D

AYE, THERE'S THE RUBE!

In the last issue of SICK, we presented artist RUBE GOLDBERG's invention of the SIMPLIFIED FLY SWATTER. This time out, we feature another of his wacky concoctions, namely . . .

THE PAINLESS TOOTH EXTRACTOR

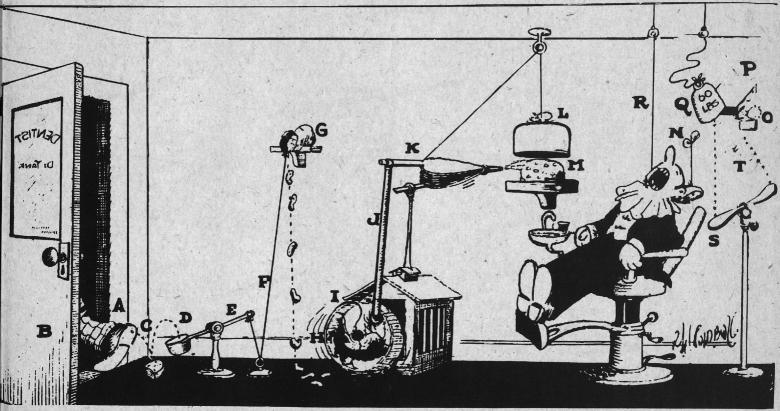
AN INVENTION BY RUBE GOLDBERG

"The World's Zaniest Comic Artist"

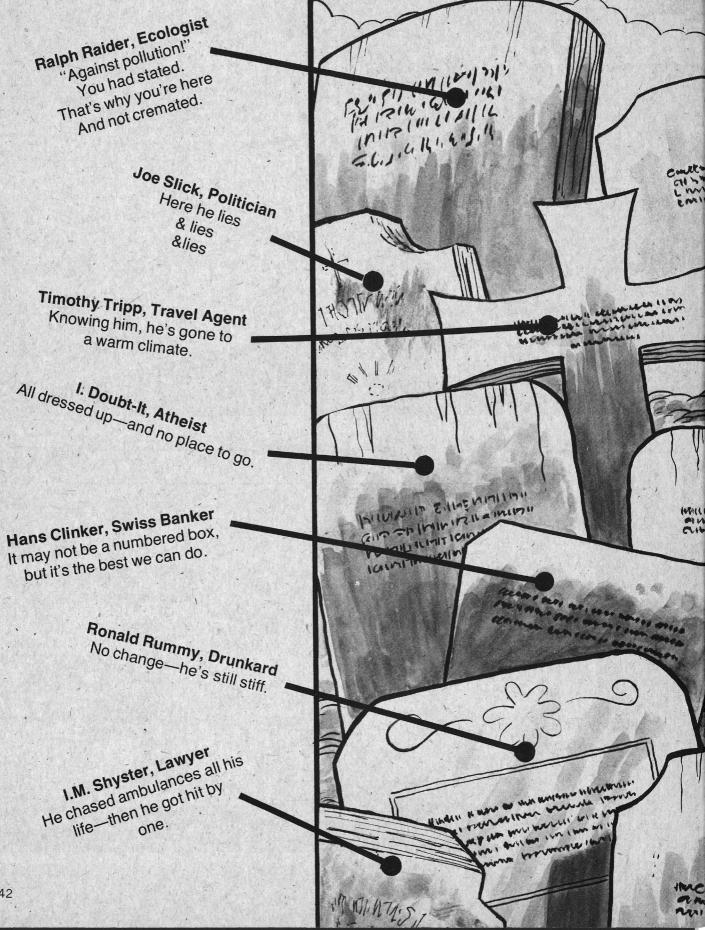
ROFESSOR BUTTS EVOLVES HIS LATEST PAINLESS TOOTH - EXTRACTOR IN A STATE PAINLESS TOOTH-EXTRACTOR IN A STATE
OF SCIENTIFIC DELIRIUM. IN A STATE
STOCK BROKER'S OUT OF DOOR (B) INTO
COMPANY TO DOOR TO
DOOR TO DOING IN HIS HASTE HE DOLONEY IS
HEEL(C) WHICH BOUNCES INTO CUP(D) UPSETTING BAG OF PEANUTS (6). STRING(I)
(H)REVOLVES CAGE (I) IN MAD ATTEMPT TO GRAB PEANUTS AND CAUSES

TO WORK BELLOWS (K) MOTION OF LIFTS COVER (L) AND AT THE SAME BLOWS FUMES OF LIMBURGER CHEESE COLD. VIBRATIONS OF HIS HEAD WHILE COLD. VIBRATIONS OF HIS HEAD HIM SNORING CAUSE STRING (N) TO WHILE PROP (O) FROM UNDER SHELF DELICATE PROPINIFROM UNDER SHE (P)AND SUDDEN DROP OF WEIGHT (Q) RESULTS IN WIRE (R) PULLING TOOTH. FALLING WEIGHT ALSO CAUSES PADDLE TO REVIVE HIM HE HAS NOT REVIVED WHEN THE ATER, THE BACK THREE DAYS MURDER; THE DENTIST OR THE LIMBURGER MAN

©Rube Goldberg, King Features Syndicate.



Tomb it may concern: Since the nation's gone on an honesty kick with "truth-in-advertising" and "truth-in-packaging," why not go all the way and have truthful tombstones, like the following epitaphs.



CONSERVE ENERGY— -LIE IN BED ALL DAY!

GRAVE HUMOR

Script by FRED WOLFE Art by JOHN LANGTON

Clod Hopper, Shoe Salesman
God rest his sole.

Wendy Wings, Sky-Diver
You were so brave.
You were so cute.
Till you forgot
Your parachute.

J. Parry Thrust, Fencing Expert
He finally got the point.

Karl Klutz, High-Wire Artist Next time, watch your step.

Daniel Dare, Demolitions Expert

It took one slip.

Just one bad blunder
And now you're planted
Six feet under.

Sam Spade, Gravedigger He was always a down-to-earth guy.

Seymour Snorkel, Skindiver
Seymour Snorkel, Skindiver
This is one time he can't
come up for air.

Cloak N. Dagger, Secret Agent Now He's really gone underground.

A SPACE ODDITY!

SCRIPT BY: PAUL PLUTO LAIKIN ART BY: TONY MILKY WAY TALLARICO

THE MOVIE OPENS IN PREHISTORIC TIMES AS A GROUP OF OUR APE-LIKE ANCESTORS FIND A MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH IN THEIR MIDSTS...

IS IT NO, IT'S A A PLANE!

HOW YA GONNA KEEP

'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

AFTER THEY'VE SEEN PARITY?

IT SURE AS HECK AIN'T SUPERMAN!

IT LOOKS LIKE CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE! SHE WASN'T EVEN BORN YET, YOU IDIOT!

I THINK IT'S SOME SYMBOLIC DIVINE MONOLITH DESIGNED TOMAKE US EMPLOY OUR BRAIN POWER TO REACH THE

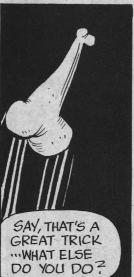
STOP TALKING IS LIKE A M CHILD!...

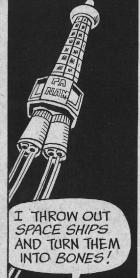
ALL I KNOW IS...IT MAKES ME WANT TO THROW BIN) UP!!



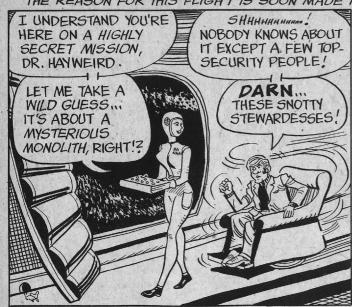
TO REACH THE SPACE AGE!

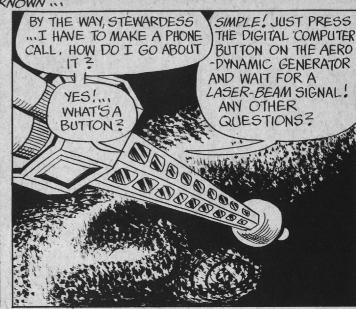
MIRAGE!





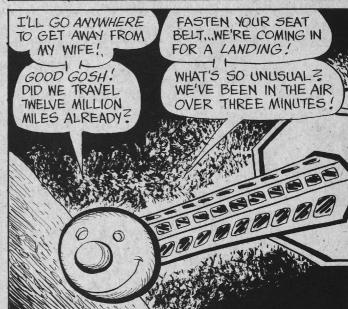








PORTERS PRACTICE BERTH CONTROL



AFTER LANDING, DR. HAYWEIRD ADDRESSES A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS ...



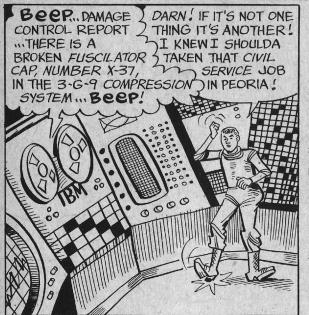


IT IS NOW MANY MOONS LATER ON A FLIGHT INTO SPACE...









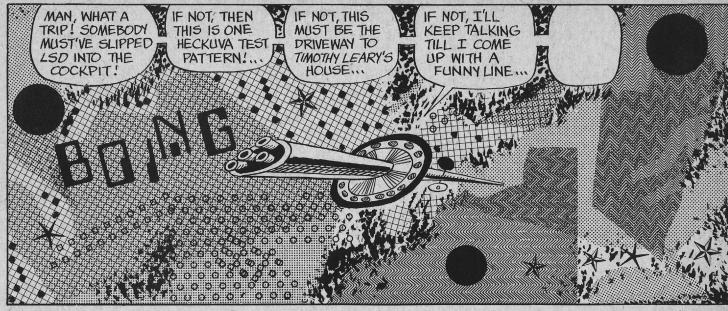








THE SPACESHIP NOW ZOOMS THRU A SKY OF INCREDIBLE PSYCHEDELIC COLORS...



SOMETIME LATER WE GAZE UPON A FANTASTICALLY UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT...



AND FINALLY WE COME ACROSS THE VERY SAME MYSTERIOUS MONOLITH ...



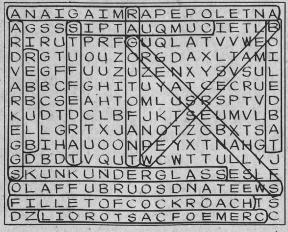


NSWERS TO SICK-STYLE HUNT-A-WORD PUZZLES

(see page 12)

FREAKY FOODS

SOLOMON WAS A WISE GUY!



MOEBBORULSTNWODTUP RUDVESPATONASIS RVDEGUBANTDIDT GEDRERKILLEDYUE KESHSOCULFYZIFL OKOPVHUHHUNGUPL I A THHE ODEP LAC SIGEUI NUEDOVFLAETERAPT UNLUSVABTGHISCK TABKCEDEWAPPOE UPEDDEPDDCAQOOED SNLDLTDEKCATTATVJQ KNIFEDVEKSLDELUAMBL DSTYTEDDENRUB)IJKVS

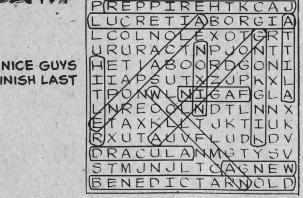
VISITING FUN CITY

HEAVENLY BODIES

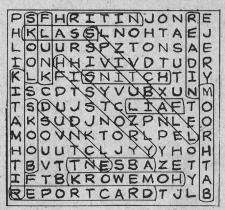


FINISH LAST

OLAUVNJUY QUSILINRI SINU BEJMEATOTOGV KWAINLCVUPRM EHNADIWQUVOU ATEFJMWEVRWA TEFALCUCLTNB IWORBGDTXCGC E TNBA NUNRNRLUDTOJ LIDOTATYMFUL AWSWOVFENU



COQUALLABPOOTS RHRHSIFOGOSNSP DUPQGFGUSST I JKEVUTSTTPU I PBAAUYSTOPC CIT NSTATUS OF LUFTKKGCCNM KH BE AB 0 IVNGKGBTLELUL FLTOUSTOOPBC XZKTKJSALOOGIE



GAMES PEOPLE PLAY



CLASSROOM CAPERS

SICKS MYSTERY PHRASE GAMES

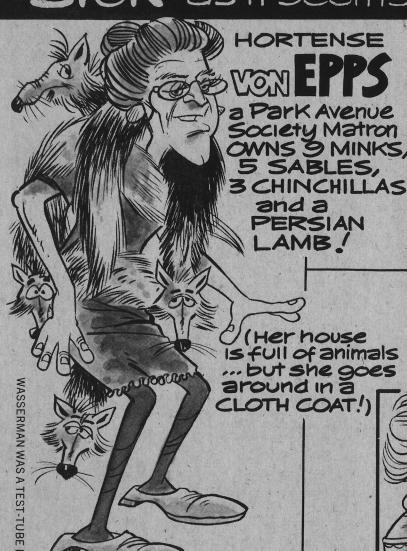








SICK as it seems ... by LANGTONS





an added KICK to it!



Peeping Tom neighbors revealed:
BEETHOVEN PLAYED THE
PIANO BY EAR!!!
(No wonder the dumbkopf
went deaf!)



(The judges caught her and made her put it back!)

SICK AS IT SEEMS:

WATER BEDS in the area of SANTA BARBARA are developing OIL SLICKS!









